THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 24, 1792.

The GOOD VICAR: *A Sequel* to the* MILL;

A TALE,

By M. Marmontel.

IT was at a small expence too, said Olympia, that I was happy myself, the whole of that summer, the last, alas! that your father was to pass in the place he was so fond of.

These words were followed by a silence of a few moments, and diffused a cloud of sorrow over the whole company. Olympia, who perceived it, was desirous of dispelling it, and continued thus:

My daughter told you that Susan had two children; her foster-brother, Marcellin, the most sprightly lad in the village, and Louisa his elder sister. Louisa was pretty, with an air of innocence and candour that bespoke the purity of her soul. An artist, who should wish to paint ingenuousness, would give it the same look. It was easy to see that the idea of dissimulation was a stranger to Louisa; no deceit had tarnished her happy disposition; and the truth, sitting on her lips, seemed only to wait for her breath to make its escape. Of all the different kinds of beauty, this is, in my opinion, the most touching. And, indeed, Louisa made many a conquest, when she appeared in the village of Verval.

* See page 166 of our last Volume.

I gave a dance every Sunday, in the court-yard before the caſtle; and in the midſt of the young people drawn thither by the muſic, Louiſa, without perceiving that ſhe was remarked, attracted every eye. But her amiable modeſty made even her rivals pardon her the glory of eclipſing their charms; for envy is not always ſo unjuſt as we believe; the advantages that hurt her are moſt commonly thoſe that are oſtentatiouſly diſplayed. Far from availing herſelf of her's to humble her companions, Louiſa ſeemed to forget ſhe was preſent, and to give up to others the homage addreſſed to herſelf. It is true, all this homage flattered her but little; and among twenty rivals, whom I ſaw timidly eager to pay their court, one alone ſometimes obtained the favour of a ſmile, or that of a look kindly prolonged. This was young Henry, my tenant's eldeſt ſon, the pattern of the village for all the virtues of his way of life, of which he had the nobleſt idea. I had ſeen him ſometimes at work, and he ſeemed proud of holding the plough. You would have ſaid that he commanded the earth to be fruitful; and when he came home, ſitting on his waggon loaded with ſheaves, with his head erect, and an exulting look, you would have ſaid that he thought himſelf on the throne of plenty. M. de Verval eſteemed him, and often congratulated his father on having ſuch a ſon.—“ Vincent,” ſaid he, “ you are a worthy man, and a good farmer; but your ſon will be quite as good a man as you.”—On this eulogium the modeſt and ſerious Henry would caſt down his eyes, and then look proudly up again.—Such was Louiſa's lover.

It was ſoon whiſpered about, that Louiſa's choice was made in her heart, and that Henry would be preferred. The report found its way to me, and I ſent for Louiſa.

“ My good girl,” ſaid I, “ I am told that your modeſty, your good diſpoſition, and your tender attentions to your parents, have endeared you to all the village, and make every mother wiſh to ſee you the wife of her ſon.”—“ They are very good to think of me,” anſwered ſhe.—“ But, Louiſa, ſhould you not be pleaſed to render one of theſe mothers happy?”—“ Next to my own, Madam, ſhe whoſe welfare I deſire the moſt is the worthy Auguſtina, your tenant's wife. She is ſo kind to me!”—“ I am very glad of it. And her huſband?”—“ Ah! Madam, what an excellent man?”—“ They have a daughter about your age?”—“ Yes, Madam, Cecilia; ſhe is my moſt intimate friend.”—“ She has a brother, who, although very young, is already a deſerving man?”—“ Yes, Madam, very deſerving indeed”—and at theſe words two beau-

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tiful roſes bloomed upon her cheeks. "I am told, Louiſa, that he has alſo a very high opinion of you?"—"I think he has, Madam; and I believe it."—"But, Louiſa, ſo much eſteem at your time of life cannot be far from love?"—"No, Madam, it is not far to be ſure; and, as ſoon as our parents will permit us, we are well diſpoſed to love each other."—"And are your parents acquainted with your way of thinking?"—"Certainly, Madam; I told it to my mother. I never conceal any thing from her. And he, the very third time we danced together in the court-yard of the caſtle, intruſted his ſecret to his father!—"Ah! father," ſaid he, throwing his arm round his neck, "look at that young woman, ſhe will be your daughter-in-law, or you will never have one." The good father looked at me with a ſmile, and anſwered, "There is no hurry; wait a few harveſts, and we will ſee about it."—"And what does Suſan think of it?—"That I am not rich enough; and that Vincent will expect a fortune for his ſon."—"You ſay, however, that Henry has declared he will have no wife but you?"—"Yes; but if his father commands, he muſt obey, and I myſelf will make him. Should I not obey my father and mother, if they choſe to diſpoſe of me!"

I was well ſatisfied, as you may ſuppoſe, with this converſation, and repeated it to M. de Verval. "Leave me," ſaid he, "to ſet on foot the negociation. I will firſt ſpeak to Baptiſt." He went to ſee him at his mill. "Baptiſt," ſaid he, "do you know that your daughter and my tenant's ſon have a great affection for each other?"—"Yes, indeed," ſaid Baptiſt, "I told the farmer ſo, and he made anſwer, that love at their time of life would keep; and that two or three years, inſtead of ſpoiling it, would ripen it, and render it better. The truth is, Sir," added Baptiſt, "that Vincent, before he marries his ſon, wants to be ſure of a new leaſe. He ſees that the rents riſe conſiderably all over the country, and thinks that you are going to raiſe that of your farm. He has ill-wiſhers who will not fail to bid over him, and that makes him uneaſy."—"Vincent ought to know," ſaid M. de Verval, "that I am no Jew:"—And the next day he was convinced of it.

"Well," ſaid my huſband to the farmer, "is the crop promiſing?"—"It promiſes fair," ſaid Vincent, "but it is ſo often deceitful! Sometimes, at the eve of a noble harveſt, comes a ſtorm, or a ſhower of hail, and lays every thing waſte. Indeed the poor farmer, after a world of labour, very often reaps but little benefit."—"However," replied M. de Verval, "the price of leaſes gets higher, and I hope the one we are go-

ing to renew—"—" Ah! Sir, ſpare us, pray! you are juſt and good! You have enriched one worthy family; do not ruin another, which have ever ſerved you faithfully!"—" You mean Baptiſt, my miller," ſaid my huſband; " and you remind me that his daughter and your ſon are fond of each other." —" Yes," ſaid the good farmer; " but how can I venture to expoſe our children to the misfortune of having children themſelves, when we have nothing certain?"—" You talk like a good father and a wiſe man," replied the Count. " But, Vincent, if a new leaſe for nine years inſured you my farm, at the rate of the preſent leaſe; and if another, for Louiſa's portion, inſured it you for nine years more, at the ſame rate?"—" Moſt generous of men," exclaimed the farmer, " diſpoſe of my ſon. The leaſe, and the marriage-articles, I will ſign together."

" Every thing is ſettled," ſaid the Count to me, on his return. " I have the promiſe of both fathers; and, to obtain it, I only promiſed what I ſhould have done at any rate. I had certainly no inclination to add my avarice to that of the earth, which already ſells its productions ſo dearly to the poor farmers. But, ſince it is a favour to let them remain in eaſy circumſtances, I thought I might improve my farm by making the young couple happy."

My daughter went inſtantly to carry the news to Suſan; but Vincent had been beforehand with her; and Juliet found the two families aſſembled at the mill; the two lovers gazing on each other, with the tear of tenderneſs and joy ſtanding in their eyes; the fathers ſhaking hands, the mothers kiſſing each other, and Marcellin alone in a corner, ſad and penſive, looking at Cecilia, who leaned her head on Louiſa's ſhoulder, and did not dare to look at Marcellin.

My daughter was ſtruck by this picture, and came and deſcribed it to me.—" Here is another marriage to make up," ſaid I, " but it does not require ſo much haſte; for Marcellin is only ſeventeen."

The next day, Suſan came to throw herſelf at my feet, and ſaid to me, after the effuſion of her gratitude;—" Madam, can you believe it? My joy, however great at this moment, is not free from pain. That little wretch Marcellin, is grieved to ſee his ſiſter married before him. If all that is wanting is to be in love, he is, he ſays, a thouſand times more ſo with Cecilia, Henry's ſiſter, than Henry is with his ſiſter Louiſa. At firſt I laughed at him; but he told me, that inſtead of laughing, I ought to weep, at ſeeing the affliction of poor Marcellin, who

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is ſo fond of his father and mother; and then, burſting into tears, he returned to his work."

"We muſt conſole him," ſaid I. "Let him bring me my cream to-morrow morning."

He came; but ſo pale, and ſo caſt down, that I could not help pitying him.—"Is it you, Marcellin?" ſaid I, "I am glad to ſee you. But you do not look ſo cheerful and contented as uſual."—"No, Madam," ſaid he, "there is no more chearfulneſs for me. They like to ſee me ſad; for it is not my fault: I am as much inclined to be gay as any body."—"But what is it that afflicts you?"—"Why, Madam, my ſiſter is going to be married: Every body tries to make her happy; and I am ſlighted and forgotten; I, who am Miſs Juliet's foſter-brother. Ah! Madam, it affects me much to ſee my ſiſter rob me of all your kindneſs!"—"No, Marcellin, you ſhall have your turn. But you are ſo very young."—"Yes, I am young: So they are for ever telling me; but muſt one be old to be married? You know, Madam, that I am nine months older than Miſs Juliet. And then aſk every body if, from morning till night, in the vineyard, at the mill, and every where elſe, I don't work like a man. I am not taken for a child, when I handle the ſpade, or when I lift a ſack of wheat like a feather." "I know that you are induſtrious, and a great help to your father."—"My father? Why, he might ſoon give over work if my mind were but at eaſe. If you did but know, Madam, how ſorrow ſteals away ſtrength! And when I have loſt my health and ſpirits, who will aſſiſt my poor father? And my mother! Conſider, Madam, when her daughter leaves her, ſhe will be all alone, and a ſlave to the houſe. Whereas, if ſhe had a young daughter-in-law, who would be there like a daughter, ſhe would have nothing to do but give her orders: Cecilia, take care of the ſheep; Cecilia, cut ſome lettuce; Cecilia, carry the milk and cream to the caſtle; do this, do that, firſt one thing and then another, and Cecilia obedient, kind, and ready to obey her! And I, coming home from work in the evening, and finding an agreeable wife to make me forget my fatigue, who would ſay to me:—"Come, my dear, come and reſt yourſelf by my ſide."—What happineſs! what a difference! the very thought makes my heart leap within me."—"It is Cecilia then, the farmer's daughter, that you would wiſh to give your mother as a companion?"—"Yes, Madam, who elſe ſhould it be?"—"I had never heard that you were fond of Cecilia." "Oh! that I can eaſily believe. Who thinks of me? Who ſpeaks in my favour?"—"You made a ſecret of it perhaps?"—"Oh,

no;

no; I told it the whole village."—" And does Cecilia feel the ſame inclination for you?"—" The ſame! no; but it is beginning. In the firſt place, every time ſhe ſees me paſs by the farm yard, ſhe gives me a little friendly nod,—" Where are you going, Marcellin? Where do you come from?"—You will ſuppoſe, Madam, that ſhe does not beſtow this favour on every body. And then the name of Marcellin has ſo ſoft and ſweet a ſound in her mouth! You would ſay that her lips took a pleaſure in pronouncing it. Oh! if love be not come on her as yet, I am ſure it is not far off. Beſides, that's my buſineſs. Let her but be mine, and leave the reſt to me. I love her ſo much, that it would be hard if I ſhould not make her love me." —" But, Marcellin, Cecilia is two years older than you."— " So much the better, Madam, ſhe will have prudence enough for both."—" Her father will not eaſily conſent to her taking ſo young a huſband."—" Yes, that's what my mother ſays. But if his honour pleaſes, three words would be enough. Madam, if I was in his place, I would ſend for the two fathers, and I would ſay to my miller:—" Baptiſt, are you ſatisfied with your ſon Marcellin?"—" Yes, your honour," would ſay my father: " the boy promiſes to turn out well: He works with a good will, has no vices; knows his duty to his parents, and what a man's duty is to his wife and children: The boy would not make a bad huſband."—" And you, Vincent," I would ſay, " don't you think of marrying your daughter ſoon? Here's a ſon-in-law at hand for you: Truck for truck, the boys and the girls, nothing can be fairer; and the two marriages will make but one wedding. What ſay you?"— " Ah! your honour, Marcellin is very young."—" Never mind the envious and jealous; youth is not a vice. Marcellin is an honeſt lad; he is induſtrious, and that is what we want for houſekeeping. Hark'ee, Vincent, if you like, I'll do the ſame for him I did for Henry; I will grant a leaſe for Baptiſt's and his ſon's life of the little eſtate of the caſcade, and your daughter will be as ſnug as can be, and the mill will be peopled with a race of little millers."—" Why, Madam; I would lay a wager that the two fathers would conſent, and thank his honour."—" You plead your cauſe admirably," ſaid I, " Go, and depend upon it, I'll ſpeak in your favour."

" He is in the right," ſaid my huſband, when I related this ſcene to him: " The leaſe for life is exactly what I purpoſed, and I intend that the mill ſhall deſcend as an inheritance from father to ſon. This will be a very eaſy way to make two people happy: It will coſt me nothing but the wedding dinner.

You,

You, Madam, will please to provide wedding clothes for the brides; and you my daughter, when your mother chooses those of Cecilia, recollect that Marcellin was weaned at nine months old."

The lease was signed the next day; but the celebration of the marriage was deferred for a few days, for a reason that was made a mystery of to us all.

At these words the Vicar of the village, who was present, wanted to retire; but Olympia stopped him, and continued her narration.

The two brothers and the two sisters were united at the same altar, and at the same hour. The wedding dinner was dressed at the castle: We invited the whole village; and the sight of the happiness of the two bridegrooms and the two families was the least affecting part of the scene.

This good old man had just given them the nuptial benediction: He sat between the two mothers; their daughters were next to them, and opposite were the two bridegrooms each by the side of his father. As soon as every body had taken their places, and we had drawn round the hall table, (for the company was numerous) Vincent arose with rustic dignity that inspired respect, and pronounced these words—

"My friends, this happy day, on which two good fathers have chosen to unite their children, is not only a festival for the two families, but for the whole village; it is a festival for us all. It is now fifty years since our good pastor, this venerable man, our friend, the friend of our fathers, who has seen us almost all born, and who has since watched over us like a good and faithful shepherd; it is now fifty years since he came to take charge of his flock; and in the space of so many years he has not let a day pass without doing good. Arbitrator and conciliator of all the differences of the parish, and of each family, he has appeased a thousand disputes, and excited none: He has put a stop to a thousand law suits, and never had one in his life: The unfortunate never had a more tender friend to console, nor the poor a better father to relieve them. In short, it is now fifty years that his lessons and his examples teach us to live like friends and honest men. It is his love for us: It is our love for him, it is this kind of religious and holy alliance, which is renewed today; it is to the wedding of the parish that you are invited. May it draw down Heaven's blessing upon our children's marriage."

I cannot express to you how much the whole village and we ourselves were affected at this speech. Let him if possible live

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fifty years longer, exclaimed they: The holy man, the worthy and honest pastor, who never did any thing but good.—

"Ah, Madam! stop, I beseech you;" said he.—No, I will tell all. More affected himself than you see him at present, (for this is only a remembrance) the good old man was lost as it were in the expression of his humble gratitude. He covered his face with both his hands, and torrents of tears streamed from his eyes. From time to time he looked up to Heaven, either to offer up a tribute of praise, or to recommend his children to its protection.

This unexpected incident made such an impression on every mind, that the new married couple forgot themselves. The parents thought no longer of their children. Susan looked now and then at Louisa; but it was to remark her sensibility at the triumph of virtue. As for me, my emotions were so strong, that I do not think I ever experienced in my life a moment of more lively or more delightful happiness; and if the violins had not brought back gaiety and awakened mirth, every one would have retired weeping from the wedding. But the Vicar was the first to drink the health of the brides and bridegrooms, and of the fathers and mothers; nor did he forget our's. Wine exhilarated our spirits, singing made the scene still more gay and animated, and when we rose from table a dance completed the joyous scene.

A Description of the Characters, Customs, and Persons of the American Aborigines.

[From "Travels into North and South Carolina, by William Bartram."]

MR. BARTRAM commences his description by observing, that it is not only the result of his own observations, but taken also from the general and impartial report of ancient and respectable men, either of their own people, or white traders, who have spent many days of their lives among them.

Speaking first of their persons and qualifications, he thus proceeds: The males of the Cherokees, Muscogulges, Siminoles, Chicasaws, Chactaws, and confederate tribes of the Creeks, are tall, erect, and moderately robust; their limbs well shaped, so as generally to form a perfect human figure; their features regular, and countenance open, dignified, and

 placid;

placid; yet the forehead and brow so formed, as to strike you instantly with heroism and bravery; the eye though rather small, yet active and full of fire; the iris always black, and the nose commonly inclining to the aquiline.

Their countenance and actions exhibit an air of magnanimity, superiority, and independence.

Their complexion, of a reddish brown or copper colour; their hair long, lank, coarse, and black as a raven, and reflecting the like lustre at different exposures to the light.

The women of the Cherokees, are tall, slender, erect, and of a delicate frame; their features formed with perfect symmetry, their countenance cheerful and friendly, and they move with a becoming grace and dignity.

The Muscogulge women though remarkably short of stature, are well formed; their visage round, features regular and beautiful; the brow high and arched; the eye large, black, and languishing, expressive of modesty, diffidence, and bashfulness; these charms are their defensive and offensive weapons, and they know very well how to play them off, and under cover of these alluring graces, are concealed the most subtle artifice; they are however loving and affectionate; they are, I believe, the smallest race of women yet known, seldom above five feet high, and I believe the greater number never arrive to that stature; their hands and feet not larger than those of Europeans of nine or ten years of age: yet the men are of gigantic stature, a full size larger than Europeans; many of them above six feet, and few under that, or five feet eight or ten inches. Their complexion much darker than any of the tribe to the north of them that I have seen. This description will, I believe, comprehend the Muscogulges, their confederates, the Chactaws, and I believe the Chicasaws (though I have never seen their women), excepting however some bands of the Siminoles, Uches, and Savannucas, who are rather taller and slenderer, and the complexion brighter.

The Cherokees are yet taller and more robust than the Muscogulges, and by far the largest race of men I have seen; there are, however, some exceptions to this general observation, as I have myself witnessed. Their present Grand Chief or Emperor (the little carpenter, Atta-kulkulla) is a man of remarkably small stature, slender, and of a delicate frame, the only instance I saw in the nation: but he is a man of superior abilities. Their complexions are brighter and somewhat of the olive cast, especially the adults; and some of the young women are nearly as fair and blooming as European women.

The Cherokees in their diſpoſitions and manners are grave and ſteady; dignified and circumſpect in their deportment; rather ſlow and reſerved in converſation; yet frank, cheerful, and humane; tenacious of the liberties and natural rights of man; ſecret, deliberate, and determined in their councils; honeſt, juſt, and liberal, and ready always to ſacrifice every pleaſure and gratification, even their blood, and life itſelf, to defend their territory and maintain their rights. They do homage to the Muſcogulges with reluctance, and are impatient under that galling yoke. I was witneſs to a moſt humiliating laſh, which they paſſively received from their red maſters, at the the great congreſs and treaty of Auguſta, when theſe people acceded with the Creeks, to the ceſſion of the new purchaſe; where were about 300 of the Creeks, a great part of whom were warriors, and about 100 Cherokees.

The firſt day of convention opened with ſettling preliminaries, one article of which was a demand on the part of the Georgians, to a territory belonging to Tugilo, and claimed by them both, which it ſeems the Cherokees had, previous to the opening of Congreſs, privately conveyed to the Georgians, unknown to the Creeks. The Georgians mentioning this as a matter ſettled, the Creeks demanded in Council, on what foundation they built that claim, ſaying they had never ceded theſe lands. The Georgians anſwered, that they bought them of their friends and brothers the Cherokees. The Creeks nettled and incenſed at this, a chief and warrior ſtarted up, and with an agitated and terrific countenance, frowning menaces and diſdain, fixed his eyes on the Cherokee Chiefs, and aſked them what right they had to give away their lands, calling them old women, and ſaying they had long ago obliged them to wear the petticoat; a moſt humiliating and degrading ſtroke, in the preſence of the Chiefs of the whole Muſcogulge confederacy, of the principal men and citizens of Georgia, Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennſylvania, in the face of their own chiefs and citizens, and amid the laugh and jeers of the aſſembly, eſpecially the young men of Virginia, their old enemies and dreaded neighbours: but humiliating as it really was, they were obliged to bear the ſtigma paſſively, and even without a reply.

And moreover, theſe arrogant bravos and uſurpers carried their pride and importance to ſuch lengths, as even to threaten to diſſolve the Congreſs and return home, unleſs the Georgians conſented to annul the ſecret treaty with the Cherokees, and receive that territory immediately from them, as acknow-

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ledging their exclusive right of alienation; which was complied with, though violently extorted from the Cherokees, contrary to right and sanction of treaties; since the Savanna river and its waters were acknowledged to be the natural and just bounds of territory between the Cherokees and Muscogulges.

The national character of the Muscogulges, when considered in a political view, exhibits a portraiture of a great or illustrious hero. A proud, haughty, and arrogant race of men; they are brave and valiant in war, ambitious of conquest, restless and perpetually exercising their arms, yet magnanimous and merciful to a vanquished enemy, when he submits and seeks their friendship and protection: always uniting the vanquished tribes in confederacy with them; when they immediately enjoy, unexceptionably, every right of free citizens, and are from that moment united in one common band of brotherhood. They were never known to exterminate a tribe, except the Yamasees, who would never submit on any terms, but fought it out to the last, only about 40 or 50 of them escaping at the last decisive battle, who threw themselves under the protection of St. Augustine.

According to their own account, which I believe to be true, after their arrival in this country, they joined in alliance and perpetual amity with the British colonists of South Carolina and Georgia, which they never openly violated; but on the contrary, pursued every step to strengthen the alliance; and their aged chiefs to this day, speak of it with tears of joy, and exult in that memorable transaction, as one of the most glorious events in the annals of their nation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

AS you have favoured your readers with a French translation of Gray's Elegy, the following extracts from a criticism on that poem, published some time ago by a Scotch professor, may not, perhaps, be unacceptable.

Leaving it to others to pronounce on the general merit of Mr. Perceval's translation, I content myself with noticing many beauties; and I sincerely wish the ingenious translator all possible success in his arduous undertaking. For I am informed

formed that he means not to confine himſelf to the Elegy, but propoſes to tranſlate ſeveral of the odes of our truly claſſical poet; " the firſt and greateſt (as he has been ſtyled) of modern lyric writers; nay of all lyric writers; his works, though few (alas! how few!) uniting the perfections of every lyric poet both of preſent and former times§."

The criticiſm is ſpoken of by Mr. Boſwell, as one of the happieſt imitations of the ſtyle of the late Dr. Johnſon; but ſurely, in this reſpect, it is extremely defective.

December 1792. S. M. N.

§ Heron's Letters of Literature.

" OF this Elegy the firſt three quatrains preſent what may be termed the *preparation*. To the ſerious exerciſe that is to take place, it is neceſſary, that the *ſenſes* be firſt properly got under; or at leaſt that ſuch work be cut out for them, as may prevent them from embroiling the train of penſive thought. With propriety, then, has the author made them the object of his firſt care. With propriety too, are *hearing* and *ſight* ſelected; as the moſt reſtive, and unfriendly to meditation, and, of courſe, requiring management the moſt.

" For the *ear* we have " the ſound of the curfew;" " the lowing of the herds, returning to their ſtalls;" " the tinkling (I ſuppoſe) of wether-bells;" " the droning of the beetle;" and " the ſcreeching of the owl;" ſounds not improper when taken ſingly, but deſtructive when taken in the total, to that *ſolemn ſtillneſs* which is ſpoken of.

" For the *eye* we are preſented with " the ſlow winding off of the cattle;" " the plodding pace of the returning ploughman;" " the fading of the landſcape;" and " the moon, diſcovering by her light a tower mantled with ivy." Of theſe images criticiſm is content to admit the propriety, whilſt ſhe denies their originality.

" If the images are traced to the poets from whom they are taken, we ſhall not always perceive them to have found their way into the Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, in an *improved* ſtate. Of the curfew, as heard by a man of meditation, we have the following circumſtantiation in Milton's *Penſeroſo*;

' Oft, on a plat of riſing ground,
' I hear the *far-off* curfew ſound;

' Over

'Over some wide-water'd shore
'Swinging slow with sullen roar.

"To this characteristical figuring Gray has thought proper to substitute the conceit of Dante; according to which the curfew is made to toll *requiem* to the day newly deceased; a fancy more subtle than solid, and to which the judgment, if reconciled at all, is reconciled by effort.

"Of evening the approach is described in the Elegy, as a prose-muser would have described it: "The glimmering landscape fades upon the sight;"—let us hear Thomson:

'A faint erroneous ray
'Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
'Flings *half an image* on the straining eye;
'While wavering woods and villages and streams
'And rocks —— are all one swimming scene,
'Uncertain if beheld§.

"Or, more compressed in the thought, and invested with the sweetness of rhime;

'But chief, when evening shades decay,
'And *the faint landscape swims away*,
'Thine is the *doubtful soft decline*,
'And that best hour of musing thine||.'

And Collins:

'Be mine the hut that views
'—— Hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
'And hears their simple bell, and marks, o'er all,
'Thy dewy fingers draw
'The gradual dusky veil†.'

"The idea of making *sounds* of a certain kind give a *relief* (to speak in the language of artists) to *silence*, is not new. Thus wrote Collins in 1746:

'Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
'With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
'Or, where the beetle winds
'His small, but sullen horn‡.'

The

§ Summer.
|| Ode to Solitude.
† Ode to Evening.
‡ Ibid.

The beetle of Collins and Gray is the "*grey fly*" of Milton, that in the pensive man's ear "winds his sultry horn." Collins has changed the epithet into *sullen*, by a happy *mis-remembrance*.

"In Parnell's Night Piece (which, our critick says, seems to have been most in the eye of the author of the Elegy,) in place of "ivy mantling a tower," we have "yew bathing a charnel-house with dew." The ivy and the tower might stand any where as well as in a church-yard; but the charnel-house is characteristic, and the yew is funereal. Of Parnell's image however, candour must acknowledge the strength to be so great as to render it almost offensive.

"In Gray the introduction of the owl is proper. Parnell's ravens might have found another place to croak in than a church-yard, and another time than night. But the *part* the owl acts in the Elegy is impertinent and foolish; and exhibits an example of a writer spoiling a fine image by *piecing* it. On some fine evening Gray had seen the moon shining on a tower such as is here described. An owl might be peeping out from the ivy with which it was clad: Of the observer, the station might be such, that the owl, now emerged from the mantling, presented itself to his eye in profile, skirting with the moon's limb. All this is well. The perspective is striking; and the picture well defined. But the poet was not contented. He felt a desire to enlarge it: And, in executing his purpose, gave it accumulation without improvement. The idea of the owl's *complaining* is an artificial one; and the views on which it proceeds absurd. Gray should have seen, that it ill befitted the *bird of wisdom* to complain to the moon of an intrusion, which the moon could no more help than herself.

"Though the complaint of the owl is unreasonable, her distress is characteristical, and prettily expressed; yet "bower" is rather a gay term for an owl's eyry; and the application of "reign," where there are none to reign over, the propriety admits of doubt.

"A few words more on the *expression*, in these three stanzas. 'Leaves the world to darkness and to me,' is quaint; but quaintness is what every reader comes prepared to meet with in Gray. It is one of the most marked features in his poetical character, and sometimes extends to his prose.

"In the sixth stanza we are told, that the "blazing hearth burns;" although it is obvious, that the hearth neither blazes nor burns; but the fire *upon* the hearth. But more than this might be forgiven to the picture of domestic happiness which

the ſtanza holds out, and which is drawn with great intereſt, and much ſimplicity.

"Thomſon had ſaid, in a caſe ſomewhat ſimilar,

'In vain for him th' offi[illegible]ious wife prepares
'The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
'In vain his little children, p[illegible]eping out
'Into the mingling ſtorm, dem[illegible]and their ſire,
'With tears of artleſs innocence: Alas!
'Nor wife nor children more ſh[illegible]ll he behold,
'Nor friends, nor ſacred home.'

"Here are the ſame images. The blazing fire; the buſy wife plying her evening care; and the children anxious for their father's return. They occur alſo in nearly the ſame order. The image of the children, however, Gray has improved by the addition of a tender ſtroke not in the original:

Nor climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

"Of the third line, in the ninth ſtanza, the expreſſion is faulty, becauſe it is obſcure. The ſignification of the word 'await' is not yet pointedly aſcertained. Whether does the hour of death await pomp and beauty; or do they await it? Both modes of phraſeology have examples in our language:'

'Even as the wretch, condemned to loſe his life,
'Awaits the falling of the murderous knife;

is ſaid by Fairfax. But the other is the more generally received uſage. We rather accuſtom ourſelves to ſay, that "the evil awaits the ſufferer," than that "the ſufferer awaits the evil." According to this view, it ſhould be *awaits*. But as by this means the nominative and the verb would change places, and the arrangement be awkward to an Engliſh ear, in ſeveral editions, and particularly in Mr. Maſon's, it hath been printed "await." There is a difficulty both ways. When in the uſe of any expreſſion, an author finds himſelf ſo pinched and beſet, he ought to abandon it altogether, and ſubſtitute one of more extenſive capability.

"The ſtanza concludes with a conceit. It is not true, that 'the path of glory leads *but* to the grave;' nor is it *becauſe* it is the path of glory that it leads thither at all. Parnell's

6 thought,

thought, with lefs conceit, has in it more of intereft, and much more of piety:

> ' Death's but a path that muft be trod,
> ' If man would ever pafs to God*.'

Living lyre, in the twelfth ftanza, is from Cowley: and of his obligation to the Royal Poet of Judah, for the application of the idea 'awake' to the eliciting of founds from the harp or lyre, he has thought the acknowledgment deferving commemoration.

" The images of the *gem*, whofe brightnefs is hid by its depth in the fea; and on the *flower*, whofe beauty and fragrance are loft, on account of the defert in which it grows, are both to be found in Thomfon, from whom Gray feems to have borrowed more than he thought fit to acknowledge. Speaking of the influence of the fun, and univerfal operation of light, he fays, in the way of addrefs to the operator,

> ' The unfruitful rock itfelf, impregn'd by thee,
> ' *In dark retirement* forms the lucid ftone.
> ' The lively diamond drinks thy *pureft rays*;
> ' Collected light compact.'

" And, defcribing the retirement of a rural beauty,

> ' As in the hollow breaft of Apennine,
> ' Beneath the fhelter of encircling hills,
> ' A myrtle rifes, *far from human eye*,
> ' *And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild*;
> ' So flourifhed, *blooming*, *and unfeen* by all,
> ' The *fweet* Lavinia.'

" In the former example, the 'diamond' of Thomfon becomes the 'gem' of Gray; both are *formed in retirement*; though Gray changed the place and tranfplanted the diamond into the fea, for caufes that do not appear, and with a propriety of which criticifm entertains a doubt. Both ftones are of pureft ray."—Of the latter image, the identity is ftill more obvious; although it has been difguifed by the change of a myrtle into a flower; and perhaps by a fhifting of the fcene from Italy to Arabia Deferta.—Thomfon's myrtle " breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;" Gray's flower " waftes its fweetnefs on the defert air." " Waftes," in place of

* Night Piece.

"breathes," is an improvement.—"Pureſt ray ſerene" has been cenſured by ſome as obſcure, and by others as redundant. But that an expreſſion, which ſeems to have been ſtudiouſly *ſought*, ſhould have had no meaning in the mind of its author, is ſcarcely reaſonable to ſuppoſe. Gray, in the maturer part of his life, addicted himſelf to the ſtudy of natural hiſtory. It is not impoſſible that, in ſome of the writers he had read on theſe ſubjects, he had found "ray ſerene," [*raggio ſereno*;] uſed, as a technical term, for what, in precious ſtones, is commonly called the *water*.

"Pureſt ray," taken by itſelf, is the expreſſion of Thomſon, who afterwards calls it "collected light compact," according to a mode, not uncommon with him, of thruſting in his noun betwixt two *ſhouldering* epithets; in the uſe of which mode, he and his fellow-imitators were, as I have heard Savage humourouſly obſerve, *kept in countenance* by Milton's "human face divine."

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Some Account of Almammy, an African King, who has prohibited the Sale of Men, and aboliſhed Perſonal Slavery in his Dominions.

[From Clarkſon's Letters to Mirabeau.]

ON the ſouthern ſide of the Senegal are the territories of the independent Poules, a people who, in ſome accounts and maps of Africa are termed Phulis, Fulis, or Foules. They are called independent, becauſe there is no one perſon who can call himſelf their King. They are broken into diſtinct and petty governments. Their country is bounded on the eaſt, by that of the dependent Poules; ſo called becauſe all the people contained in it, contrary to the uſage of the independent ones, are ſubject to one King. Their late King or Seratic (for that was the hereditary name of the King of the Dependent Poules) died in the year 1785, when a perſon of the name of Almammy, who had been his marabore or prieſt, having ſeen by long experience the injuſtice as well as the impolicy of continuing things as they were in the late reign, uſurped the throne. In this act he was ſupported by his fellow-citizens; and he retained his ſituation, with the name of his family, having diſcarded the title of Seratic, to the year 1789, when M. de Vil-

leneuve was in Africa; and we hope that he retains it to the present day.

This Prince began his reign by opposing the ravages of the Moors, who, in the time of his timid predecessor, were often suffered with impunity to make incursions into the country for the purpose of getting slaves. His opposition was so highly resented by these barbarians, that they instantly assembled their tribes, and swarmed into his territories with a view of dethroning him, and taking away his life; but Almammy, apprised of their coming, collected the force of the country, and, putting himself at the head of it, not only slew the King of the Moors with his own hand, but defeating his army with great slaughter, obliged them to fly with precipitation across the Senegal to their former tents.

His next step was to prohibit the sale of the persons of men, and to abolish personal slavery in his own dominions, giving encouragement to agriculture and manufactures in their place.

Not satisfied with these proceedings, he made a decree as a discouragement to the slave-trade, in the beginning of the year 1787, that whereas slaves in other distant countries had been accustomed to be passed, in their way to Fort St. Louis, through his dominions, no passage should be allowed them in future, and accordingly, at the proper season of the year, he put his decree into execution by stopping the passage of the slaves who were coming in the Galam fleet from Bambarra.

The French Senegal Company, alarmed at the enforcement of this edict (for the Negro vessels were then waiting in the road for the return of the Galam fleet) sent a remonstrance to the King, and demanded that the Bambarra slaves should be permitted to pass. This remonstrance, however, was ineffectual. They tried him next by many and rich presents. But he sent all of them back, adding, that he would not only hinder the route of the slaves for that year, but as long as he should live; and that if the Whites should attempt any depredations on his subjects, in consequence of his determination, he would retaliate. His conduct was so spirited and serious at the same time, that three respectable gentlemen sent by the Court of Sweden to make discoveries in the interior parts of Africa, and who were then waiting at Fort St. Louis for the purpose, but could not follow their intended route without passing through the dominions of Almammy, were hindered from executing their design.

To the Sovereigns of Europe, then, the wise and virtuous Almammy sets an illustrious example in extirpating the com-

merce

merce in the human race; and when we confider this amiable man as having been trained up in the land of flavery, and as having had in the introduction of fuch a revolution all the prejudices of education and cuftom to oppofe; when we confider him again as facrificing a part of his own revenue; as refufing the rich prefents of the Europeans; and as expofing himfelf in confequence of it to the vindictive ravages of the agents of the latter, [the Moors,] he is certainly more to be refpected than any of the Sovereigns of Europe, inafmuch as he has made a much nobler facrifice than they, and has done more for the caufe of humanity, of juftice, of liberty, and of religion.

THOUGHTS *on* POLITICAL REFORM.

By Mr. STEWART.

THE perfection of political wifdom does not confift in an indifcriminate zeal againft reforms, but in a gradual and prudent accommodation of eftablifhed inftitutions to the varying opinions, manners, and circumftances of mankind.—Sanguine and inconfiderate projects of reformation are frequently the offspring of clear and argumentative and fyftematical underftanding; but rarely of comprehenfive minds. For checking them, indeed, nothing is fo effectual as a general furvey of the complicated ftructure of fociety. The perfection of political wifdom confifts not in incumbering the machine of government with new contrivances to obviate every partial inconvenience, but in removing, gradually and imperceptibly, the obftacles which difturb the order of nature, in grafting upon her inftitutions. In more comprehenfive and enlightened underftandings, the natural effect of the dangers to be apprehended from the partial influence of general principles in politics is, caution and diffidence with refpect to the iffue of every experiment of which we do not perceive diftinctly all the remote confequences. Nor is this caution at all inconfiftent with a firm confidence in the certainty of that triumph which truth and liberty muft infallibly gain in the end over error and injuftice.

[These remarks are particularly applicable at the prefent crifis, as they tend to fhew how little is in general gained by violent commotions, efpecially in a country which has already a conftitution which is, on the whole, an excellent one.]

Answer, by Joseph Applin, of Sturminster Newton, to Fidelio's Question, inserted September 3.

AS the polygon has 100 sides it consists of 100 triangles, and the center angle of each being 3,36, either of the other angles must be 88,12, by which the unknown sides are found to be 95,508 each = the semi diameter of the circle, from which the area is found = 28656.88674, and by Euclid 1,47, the perpendicular is 95,46, whereby the area of the polygon is found = 28638; this taken from the area of the circle leaves 18,88674, the difference required.

Answer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inserted October 15.

YOUR enigma's solution I've tried for to gain,
I thought first my labour would prove all in vain;
But now I'm convinc'd, Sir, quite different to that,
Your enigma most certainly doth mean a HAT.

*** We have received the like answer from T. Walker, of Hemyock; a pupil of Mr. Smith's school, St. Stephen's; and R. Cuming junior, of Court, near Kingsbridge.

A CHARADE, *by Curiosus, of Bath.*

MY first delights the youthful swain,
And gladden'd nature speaks the plain;
Detested second! Hated pest!
Where'er thou art there's little rest:
My whole's an insect known full well,
Which summer's pleasing garb foretells.

A REBUS, *by a Grandson of the Schoolmaster of St. Stephen's in Brannel.*

THERE is a manor paramount,
Stretching in compass far around,
Which to a place within the same,
In Cornwall situate, lends its name;

To

To mark it out from other two,
Who the ſame patron-ſaint avow,
Find out the things that I ſhall ſhow,
Place their initials in a row,
And you'll diſcover where to ſeek
The pariſh about which I ſpeak:
A ſpirit name, too much in uſe;
Next one expreſs'd from the cane's juice;
Then fatt'ning home-bred liquor try;
Think what good houſewives often ply;
Which breaking oft repeat the ſame;
A berry-bearing buſh then name;
Add, to complete this meſs of medley,
What guards our caſh from pilferers deadly.

An ENIGMA, *by T. Giles, of Bridgwater.*

SAGACIOUS YOUTHS, and wits attend,
And from theſe riddling lines I've penn'd,
My name I pray diſplay;
I'm found where ſacred ſilence reigns,
But if diſturb'd by noiſe and pains,
I'm quickly drove away.

When Adam dwelt in Paradiſe,
Know, bards, then I firſt took my riſe;
If you the Scriptures read,
You'll find our wiſe Creator ſaid,
That I o'er Adam ſhould preſide,
Whilſt he the woman made.

Ye prying wits pray underſtand,
When Eve was made by God's command,
I quickly took my flight
From Adam; then he look'd around,
And the fair woman Eve he found
Preſented to his ſight.

Ye prying wits, to put an end
To theſe myſterious lines I've penn'd,
I ſhall give one hint more;
I am indeed, 'tis often ſaid,
A true reſemblance of the dead,
So now my name explore.

P O E T R Y.

ODE *to* HONOUR.

By DR. DOWNMAN.

OH Thou! by numerous votaries ſought,
Who ſeem to ſpeak extatic thought!
While conſcious of internal ſhame,
Their tongues alone proclaim thy name.
Often invok'd with impious prayer
T' embelliſh falſhood's flimſy air,
Deep to conceal, or ſanctify
The wily fraud, and treacherous lye,
To palliate horrid deeds, and chaſe
The gloom of ſecret guilt from the ſtern murderer's face.

Much-injur'd Honour! where reſides
Thy ſpotleſs form? With haughty ſtrides
Ambition riſes o'er the throng,
And towers in gaudy ſtate along:
Doſt thou attend, to guide his heart
Amid th' intangled paths of art?
With him the tricks of ſtate purſue?
With him the bold fineſſe indue?
By which his crimes he veils in night,
And couching cloſe beneath eſcapes the public ſight.

Or hath the iron-moulded breaſt
Of Avarice e'er one beam poſſeſs'd
Of thy bright eſſence? Hath it ſhone
Around the tyrant's purple throne,
Who glorying in ſuperior force,
Impetuous ſpeeds his waſteful courſe
Thro' unoffending regions? Theſe
Thy ſtedfaſt eye with ſcorn ſurveys,
Tho' fools the titled ſlave admire,
The ſpecious charms of gold, the heroes' vaunted fire.

Neglected